NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE THANKFUL BROTHER.

Oh, I des so thankful dat I dunno what
ter do!
Fer de worl' whar I a-livin', en its shiny
roof er blue
Whar de stars is eyes er angels des
a-watchin' over you—
Oh, I des so thankful dat I dunno what
ter do!

I thankful fer de sunshine en de twinkle
er de dew
Dat freshen up de flowers w'en de vi'let
feelin' blue:
Fer de win' dat blow de branches 'twell
de trees say, "Howdy-do?"
En de blossoms come a-fallin' in a shower
over you!

I know de worl' is rollin' wid a ticket dat
is th'oo:
En I thankful fer de pleasure en de
rackin' trouble, too;
'Twell it lan' me over yander, in a country bright en new,
En de angels say: "We thankful fer ter
des shake han's wid you!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Stairs of Sand

By ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Job was instinctively drawn near to watch what happened. Presently the door was opened cautiously, and an elderly man with a white beard, shading a lamp with one hand, appeared in the doorway. He appeared to be surprised to see his visitor, for he uttered an exclamation that was hardly expressive of welcome. The other, without a word, slipped into the hall, and the door closed noiselessly behind him.

"So Henslow is up to his old tricks again," muttered Job Hendricks. "He still receives people by night on the sly. I wonder who that fellow was? It seems to me that his figure was familiar. Bah! What difference does it make. I have something more important on hand than the lawyer's visitors. It will keep him occupied for a while, so matters could not have arranged themselves better for me."

On the side of the house was a small gate, which evidently communicated with the rest of the building, and Job, after a moment's thought, pushed this open and entered a narrow path that led along the walls of the house.

As he made his way slowly and cautiously along, he became aware of a strange humming sound, as if some one was crooning a lullaby. The moon had now risen, and, as he reached the back of the house, he saw a slender, womanish figure seated under a tree in the garden. He passed her unobserved, his feet making no noise on the grass. Then he stood for a moment contemplating the girlish figure. It was her singing that he had heard as he came along. She sat there, her face resting on one arm, which was flung about a lower branch of the tree, looking very sad in her black dress, which accentuated the pallor of her face.

Job did not move, his eyes fixed yearningly on the white features, while his lips moved, though not a sound came from them. Many minutes he stood there motionless, as if he could not look enough at the girl before him.

Though he made no sound or betrayed any more life than the trees in the garden, she seemed to learn instinctively that she was not alone, and, turning, rose with an exclamation.

"Who are you—what do you want?"

As she spoke she advanced a few paces toward him in the moonlight. She did not betray any fear at seeing a strange man in the garden at night.

Job sighed, as if he had really expected a different greeting.

"Don't be alarmed, young lady," he replied hoarsely. "I am only desirous of being of service to you."

"Who are you?" moved in spite of herself by the deep feeling he put in his simple speech.

"A friend—that is all. I bring you a message——"

"From Dick?" eagerly.

"The same."

"Let me have it," holding out her hand.

Job, fumbling in his coat for the note, she stamped her foot like a spoiled child, and exclaimed:

"How clumsy you are—can't you see, you stupid man, that I am burning with impatience?"

He finally drew forth the letter and handed it to her with trembling fingers.

Having seized it, she paid no further attention to him, but ran over to the porch of the house, where a lantern, burning dimly, hung from one of the pillars.

Job watched her while she read the lines, her pale face transfigured.

"How she does seem to love the poor fellow," he murmured, with a certain longing in his voice, as if speaking of one of whom he was envious. "It must be a satisfaction to be loved like that."

It did not take her long to read the message, and then, thrusting it in the bosom of her dress, she returned to the man who stood waiting, eying her with an air of uneasy interest.

"I don't know who you are," she began.

"It don't matter," he added humbly.

"But you are a friend of Dick's, and therefore, a friend of mine," said she, holding out her hand. He took it in his great, rough paw, and held it so long that finally, with a quick gesture, she drew it away, regarding him curiously.

"Why, my poor man, you are weeping," she said.

Job dashed his hand across his eyes and laughed nervously.

"Me, ma'am; well, that would be curious, wouldn't it?" Then, after a pause, as if trying to collect himself: "You see, I had a daughter once. Had she lived she would just have been about your age. That's why it makes me feel kind of upset."

"Was it long ago you lost her?" she asked, with genuine sympathy in her voice.

"Many years, my child, many years." Then, as if wishing to change the subject which had become painful to him: "I hope that note brought you is the means of cheering you up. You have troubles of your own——"

"The deepest trouble that can fall on a daughter," with a catch in her voice, "to lose my mother—and then that Dick should be accused. But they can't—they won't do anything to harm him—will they?" seizing Job's arm eagerly.

"No—no, of course not," he said slowly.

"How doubtfully you say that," pettishly. "But when he is innocent."

"We shall get him off, no doubt, but it will take time. You see they pretend to have a great deal of evidence against the lad, and that counts for a great deal in a court of law. But there"—as he saw that her face so smiling a moment before had changed, and was now fearful and anxious—"we'll clear the boy somehow or another. I may be able to lend a little help myself."

"You are very kind, and I thank you in advance. We have need of every friend we can muster in this hour of trial," and she held out her hand again, frankly, while Job raised it to his lips.

"Now you will see Dick again?"

"If it is possible—and perhaps I shall have as much luck as I had today," and he told her of his experience.

"Oh, there is so much to tell him that I should never know how to begin. But I am sure this separation cannot last long. Papa, I'm confident, believes in his innocence, and if he has done nothing as yet it is because he has been too prostrated by this terrible affair to be able to think clearly."

"I believe—I am sure—that your father will do what he can for the school-teacher," replied Job, earnestly. "Don't be discouraged, my dear, for the law, you know, moves slowly, and it will take some time to get him freed." Then as he glanced up at the house and saw a light in one of the windows, he said: "But it is time I was going, miss. For certain reasons, I don't fancy meeting with Mr. Henslow or any of the rest of the people."

"But you haven't told me your name yet."

"No, sure enough, I haven't."

"I should like to know the name of one who has been so kind to us."

"It don't matter much, miss, what an old piece of driftwood like me is called," he stammered.

"Still, I should like to know."

"Well, it's Job Hendricks."

"I never heard Dick mention that name before."

"Probably not, since we never met until to-day."

She looked at him in such a puzzled way that he smiled.

"Just set me down as one who wishes you young people well, and will do all that lies in his power to see you safely through this trouble."

She fixed her eyes on him for a moment wistfully, and then, with some hesitation, as if asking a favor:

"I would like to write him a long letter, but it would take some time. There is so much that I want to say to him——"

"Then you need not write; there is a way direct and generally better," exclaimed a voice so near them that they both started.

"Dick! you here?" exclaimed the young girl, as the school-teacher stepped out of the shadows.

"Yes, the real article," as he drew her toward him and kissed her.

"There's nothing ghostly about that, is there?" and he held her out arms' length with both hands, smiling as if the shadows of the bars had never separated them.

"Come, you don't seem glad to see me!" as she did not speak.

"Glad? That is a faint word to use. But it all seems so strange that you should be here."

"Strange, but true."

"Then they have set you free?" eagerly.

"No such luck. I freed myself. I could not rest satisfied with sending you a message, when only a few bars stood between me and freedom; so I kicked them out, and here I am. Let us make the most of the opportunity, for it may not occur again."

He paused a moment, and looked around wonderingly; then said: "But you were talking with a man when I came up. Who is he? Where has he gone?"

Job Hendricks had taken advantage of the meeting to slip away in the dark.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRISONER DECIDES TO RETURN.

Job had left the scene. Hidden from view, he was a delighted watcher of the meeting of the two young people. He seemed to take almost a parental pleasure in witnessing the tender demonstrations of feelings between the lovers, though he had discreetly withdrawn to a distance, where he could not hear what they said to each other. "He seems to be a worthy young man, and she loves him; that is plain and evident," was the thought that ran through his mind. "Such being the case, they can count on my help to make the path of true love run smooth."

He stood in deep thought, making plans for the future. The two young people had drawn away from the house, and now, seated under the big tree, were talking in a low voice.

Job took advantage of their preoccupation to slip away to the path by which he had entered the garden. Since the young man had escaped, it would be well that some one should be on guard, for perhaps the burly constable might come in quest of him, and, stupid as the fellow seemed to be, it would be Henslow's house that he would seek for his prisoner.

The young man's sudden appearance had rather disarranged Job's plans, and it was necessary that he should rearrange them to meet the exigencies of the case.

His meditations were disturbed by hearing his name uttered in a low voice, just as he was passing one of the low windows of the house. The shutters were fastened, but a pale light filtered through the slats. He stopped for a moment, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "Am I a subject of talk already in this town?" he muttered. "Guess I'll have to look into this. When you're brought up for discussion, Job, it may mean trouble."

He looked at the window, the sill of which was almost on a level with his head, for a moment, and then, reaching out his hands, drew himself up with ease, so that he could look directly into the room. There was no place on the ledge for anything but his fingers, yet, owing to his great strength, he was able to maintain himself in that position with ease, as if he had been standing on the ground. At first it seemed that the room into which he was looking was unoccupied, owing to the dimness of the light which came from a lamp burning on a table in the center. As his eyes became accustomed to the surroundings he gradually made out that there were two men seated near the table, one facing him and one in a big armchair with his back to the window.

When for a moment one of the men leaned forward and he caught a glimpse of a white beard, he knew it was Henslow; as for the other, only the top of his head was visible. The latter was no doubt the person he had seen slipping into the house in such a surreptitious manner.

"I shouldn't wonder if the fellow was an imposter," Henslow was saying, "and I should treat him as such."

"Listeners hear no good of themselves. I think the rule will hold good in this case," Job said to himself, having no doubt that he was the subject of the discussion.

What the lawyer's visitor said he could only make out in part, since the latter spoke in such a low voice. He could distinguish such fragments of sentences as "almost threatened," "seemed sure of his ground," "knew the whole affair."

Henslow was silent for a moment, and took a sip from a glass of wine at his elbow.

"You need have no fear that the visitor was Martin Frale, for he is dead," he said, at length.

"Sure of that?"

"Had it from the prison authorities themselves."

"Then who is this man?" The other raised his voice, and spoke in a more animated way.

Henslow shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish I was able to tell you, because I am glad to do Ellison any service. Must be a fellow-convict to whom Frale communicated the story before he died. No doubt he wants to trade on the information."

"That's likely enough, but he must have the documents in the case to speak so boldly."

"That may all be mere bravado."

"And he would take no money—"

"That is a poser. Didn't want any money?"

"Not a cent, even when it was offered to him."

"That astonishes me—what can the fellow's object be?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to wait and find out," muttered the man with his back to the window.

"And he made no declaration of what he intended to do?" asked the lawyer, after a moment's pause.

"No, nothing of the kind, except that he seems to be interested in the young school-teacher."

"Know him?"

"Says he never saw him but once in his life, but he wants him to be free for some reason or another. Urged Jim to do all he could, and threatened things if he did not."

"That man, whoever he is, will bear watching," was Henslow's comment as he resorted to his glass again.

A chuckle came from the chair where the other was seated.

"Bless you, we don't intend to lose sight of the chap while he is in the neighborhood."

Job clinging to the window, still smiled quietly to himself.

"Then I wasn't wrong in thinking that I was being watched."

He had no chance to hear anything further of what was being said in the room, for the visitor had risen and now moved to the door. The two men stood there for a moment in deep conversation, but though he listened intently, Job could not catch a word of what was being said.

He dropped to the ground from his uncomfortable position, for he was anxious if possible to catch a sight of the visitor when he came out.

With this intention he slipped around to the front of the house and in the shadow waited.

Presently the door opened quietly, a man popped out, his hat pulled down over his eyes so that the eager watcher had no opportunity to get a good glimpse of his face. Then the man stepped into the middle of the road, looked about him for a moment, and set off at a brisk pace down the street.

Job Hendricks had just seen him disappear among the shadows when from the other direction a man suddenly appeared, running and out of breath.

He was a portly individual, and as he came up to where Job was standing the latter recognized him as the fat constable he had seen that day haranguing the people before his house.

"Now we are in for it," muttered he to himself. "Here is the law in search of the prisoner."

The fat man drew up with a gulp and a gasp and mopped his red face wildly with his handkerchief.

"You seem to be excited, friend," said Job, soothingly.

"Excited? Well, I guess I be." Then, looking Hendricks over from head to foot: "I'm the town constable, and I'm lookin' for a man what hes skipped from jail."

"Sure of it?"

"How sure of it? Didn't he knock the bars out, the murderous young villain? Next time I get hold of him he shan't have no more privileges."

"There was a man just passed by here on a run," said Job, thinking of a ruse that would give the school-teacher a respite until he could find out what his plans were.

"Slim fellow in a light coat?"

"Just so, and dark trousers. Come out of the house a minute ago," jerking his thumb in the direction of the lawyer's cottage.

"Must be the werry man, and which way did he go?"

Hendricks pointed in the direction the other visitor at the cottage had taken.

The constable sighed and mopped his brow vigorously.

"Phew! This is a job I ain't no likin' fur. And that it shu'd happen to the only gentleman criminal we ever had to town. Well, so long, stranger, and thank you kindly."

[To Be Continued.]

THE GUN WAS LOADED.

As Usual the Pointer Didn't Know It and He Narrowly Escaped Killing His Friends.

Some 50 years ago Roger, a celebrated tenor, gave a supper, at which Berlioz was present, and also the musical critic, Fiorentino.

In the early hours of the morning Fiorentino got up, "to stretch his legs," as he said, and strayed into the next room, where there was an interesting collection of firearms. In a few minutes he came back carrying a gun, and in mischief began to point it about in a most reckless manner. Finally he turned it upon Berlioz, relates Youth's Companion.

"I am going to kill Berlioz," he said. "He is a formidable rival. He is in my way as a musical critic."

Berlioz turned pale and shook with fear, but his host assured him that the gun was not loaded.

Fiorentino changed his aim. "Berlioz isn't worth killing, after all," said he. "I shouldn't get his place, for they'd say I used undue influence. Now I've a grudge against grand opera, and against Meyerbeer for not having handed over a part of his gains. So I'll kill Roger, for that will stop the receipts at the opera-house."

Thereupon he took aim at his host, who, feeling sure that the gun was not loaded, did not budge an inch. But in another second Fiorentino changed his mind again.

"There is no pleasure in killing Roger," said he. "He isn't ever afraid of dying. But I must kill something. I'll kill his portrait."

He turned the muzzle of the gun toward a full length picture of the tenor, pulled the trigger, and to everybody's horror simply riddled the canvas with shot.

A Conflict of Sharp Wits.

One day Dr. Parr, whose wit has lived a century after him, meeting Lord Erksine, with whom he was friendly, said: "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." "Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide." This recalls another story. Gibbon, the historian, had a rival in a French physician for the favor of a titled lady, and the doctor was one day annoyed by Gibbon's monopolizing the lady's company. "When my Lady Elizabeth Foster is made ill by your twaddle," said the doctor in a loud tone, "I will cure her." "And when my Lady Elizabeth Foster is dead from your prescriptions," said the historian, "I will immortalize her."—London Answers.

What Is Sin?

Recently a neighboring pastor was preaching to the children in our church. After asking many questions and impressing on the minds of the children that they must be saved from sin, he asked the question, "What is sin?" A bright little boy, six years old, quick as thought replied, "Chewing, smoking, cursing and tearing your pants."—Homiletic Review.